

**{ ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM,
INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.**

NO. 9.

'Rise, Roderigo!' she said, in dulcet tones.

'I'll rise no more than fancy stocks have since the financial crisis, until you decide my fate. In your hands rests my happiness; wilt thou do me mine?' Sprak, Lady Isabella, and speak!

She answered not but turned aside her lovely head and wiped her nose.

'Are these pearly drops from that bright nose—no, excuse me, from those bright eyes

—of mingled joy and apprehension.
She dried her tears and spoke—
'Rodrigo, to you I owe the preservation
of my life. I love thee—aye, as the Democ-

'What fearful mystery is here, compared

'Listen,' she exclaimed. 'There is an

'What?' interrupted Rodriago.

the Blood-tub of Tilletudlum!" she gasped, and fell fainting to the floor.

"If the red slayer thinks he slays,
Or if the slain thinks he is slain,
It makes slight difference either ways,
I let 'em up and go in again."

The Count D'Nincompoop left his castle, his noble form closely enveloped in a cloak, which disclosed it to advantage, and pursued his way to the mansion of Lady Isabella.—

With cautious steps he ascends the staircase, until he reaches the room where we have introduced her in the last chapter, and opening the door beholds Rodriguez endea-

'Ha! ha! Roderigo, I have thee at last!'

Roderigo D'Polliwog fell mortally wounded, the blood running in a crimson stream

D'Nincompoop gazed a moment at the body, and then endeavored to arouse the Lady Isabella. She opened her eyes, and

'Where is Roderiego?' she asked in agitation.

'My vengeance is complete; the Blood-tub has wiped out his wrongs with blood!'

Isabella gazed with with an idiotic look upon the form of him she loved.

he said, and stooping he took from the pocket of Roderigo a broken tooth-pick. It was slightly stained with blood from the wound.

CHAPTER V.
 "Dry up and suspend."—[Anonymous.
 The news of the murder of Roderigo

sat Lady Isabella, and Roderigo knelt at her feet.

"Rise, Roderigo!" she said, in dulcet tones.

"I'll rise no more than fancy stocks have since the financial crisis, until you decide my fate. In your hands rests my happiness; wilt thou be mine?" Sprak, Lady Isabella, and speak!

She answered not but turned aside her lovely head and wiped her nose.

"Are these pearly drops from that bright nose—no, excuse me, from those bright eyes

'Of mingled joy and apprehension. She dried her tears and spoke—
'Rodrigero, to you I owe the preservation of my life. I love thee—aye, as the Democracy love the 'spoils;' but—I can never wed with thee!
'What fearful mystery is here, compared with which the attack on William Patterson sinks into insignificance?' ejaculated Rodrigo.
'Listen!' she exclaimed. 'There is an

insurmountable barrier to our union, and that is——'

'What?' interrupted Rodrigo:

'I am the wife of Count D'Nicozoo, the Blood-tub of Tilletudum!' she gasped, and fell fainting to the floor.

CHAPTER IV.

"If the red slayer thinks he slays,
Or if the slain thinks he is slain,
It makes slight difference either ways,
I let 'em up and go in again."

The Count D'Nincompoop left his castle, his noble form closely enveloped in a cloak, which disclosed it to advantage, and pursued his way to the mansion of Lady Isabella.—With cautious steps he ascends the staircase, until he reaches the room where we have introduced her in the last chapter, and opening the door beholds Roderigo endeavoring to restore Lady Isabella to consciousness.

'Ha! ha! Roderigo, I have thee at last!'

Roderigo D'Polliwig fell mortally wounded, the blood running in a crimson stream upon the carpet.

D'Nincompoop gazed a moment at the body, and then endeavored to arouse the Lady Isabella. She opened her eyes and shuddered when she beheld the count.

"Where is Roderigo?" she asked in agitation.

'Perfidious female woman, be hold!' he exclaimed as he pointed to the corpse.
'My vengeance is complete; the Blood-tub has wiped out his wrongs with blood!' Isabella gazed with with an idiotic look upon the form of him she loved.
'Let me have a relic of the glorious deed,' he said, and stooping he took from the pocket of Roderigo a broken tooth-pick. It was slightly stained with blood from the wound.

CHAPTER V.
 "Dry up and suspend."—[Anonymous].
 The news of the murder of Roderigo spread with rapidity throughout the city.—The Metropolitans were on the alert, and by the orders of Coroner Conery, the Count was arrested, and the mutilated tooth-pick was found upon his person.
 Isabella was summoned as a witness, but alas! could give no evidence, she had become timid.—The Count underwent a severe

But hark! what cry is that which breaks on the startled ear? "Ere's the Express, third edition—got the recovery of Roderigo!"

The news was true! Roderigo was not mortally wounded, and with the aid of the "retired physician whose sands of life have

But little remains for us to relate. The Count D'Ninecompoop was released by the intercession of Roderigo, and left the United States to spend the balance of his life in New Jersey. In a fit of diabolical passion at hearing of the marriage of Roderigo D'Polivogue, to the Lady Isabella D'Fitzsimkins, he dashed his brains out with a bar of soap.

murder, had procured a divorce from the Count, lived happily together, and many little Pol-wags squirmed around the feet

THE END.

SERIOUS AFFRAY.—R
fair recently came o
West side of the
Baldwi
zen, was
erty, with a shot
gun, the shot taking effect in the right arm.

The wound, we are told, is a severe one, but not considered dangerous. Mr. Baldwin and Flurry were neighbors. The particulars of the affair we have been unable to learn. — [Bloomington Mess., 20th.]